MARVEL
85 .com

DAREDEVIL®

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

BRUBAKER
LARK
GAUDIANO
D'ARMATA

DIRECT EDITION

a Bchry Scan

7 59606 04706 2 08511
$2.99 US $4.25 CAN

On the morning after the Kingpin returns from Gen-Pop, a convict matching the description of the man who shanked Foggy is found hung in his cell.

Cause of death is marked as suicide.

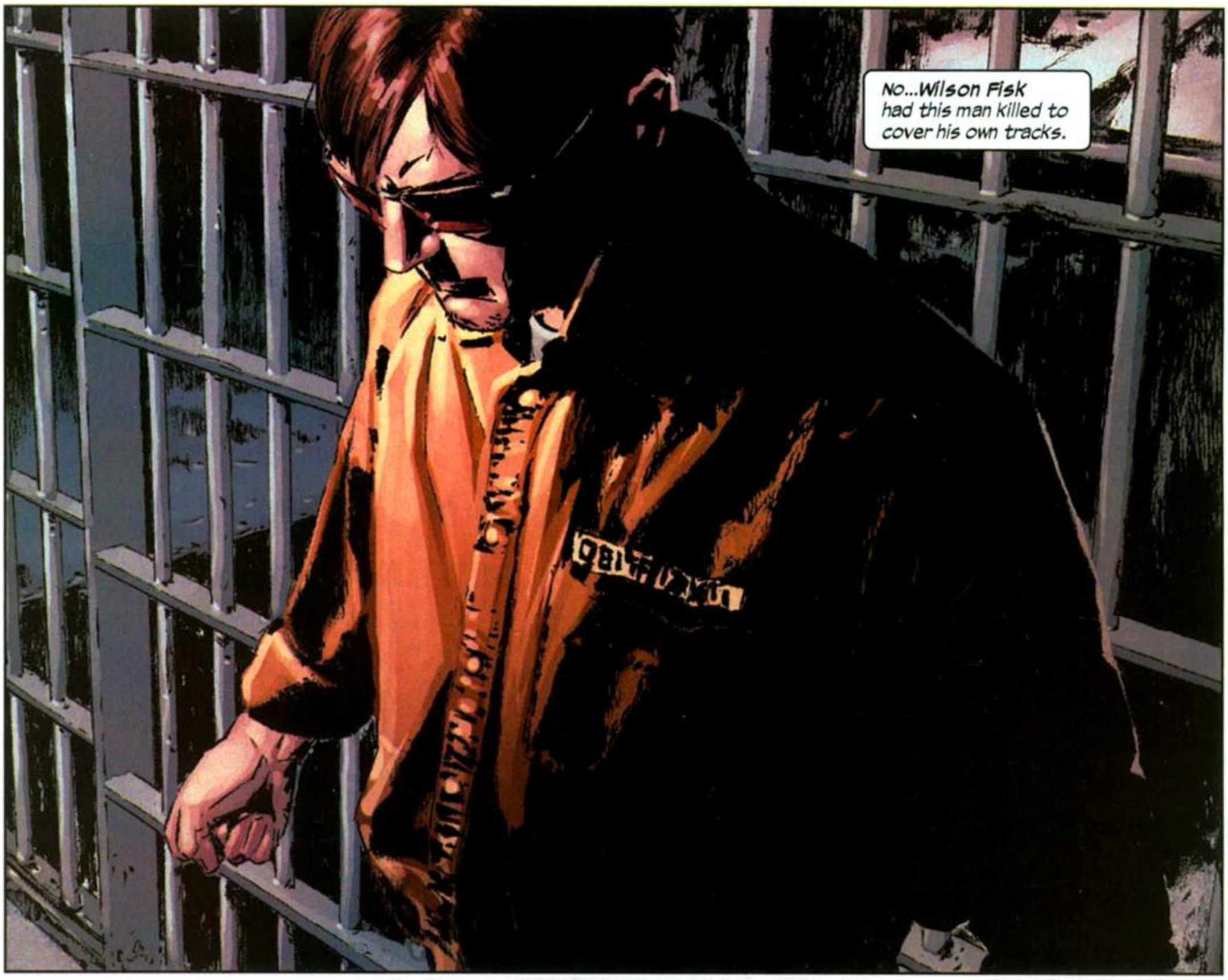
In a place where time has almost no meaning...

...it's amazing how quickly news spreads through Ryker's.

I wake to this news, like an alarm whispering to me down concrete corridors.

Telling me what every convict in this prison believes...

This death was no suicide.



ATTORNEY MATT MURDOCK WAS BLINDED AS A CHILD, BUT HIS OTHER FOUR SENSES FUNCTION WITH SUPERHUMAN SHARPNESS AND FORM A RADAR SENSE. WITH AMAZING FIGHTING SKILLS, HE STALKS THE STREETS AT NIGHT, IN RELENTLESS PURSUIT OF JUSTICE AS **DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!**

THE DEVIL IN ORIL BLACK

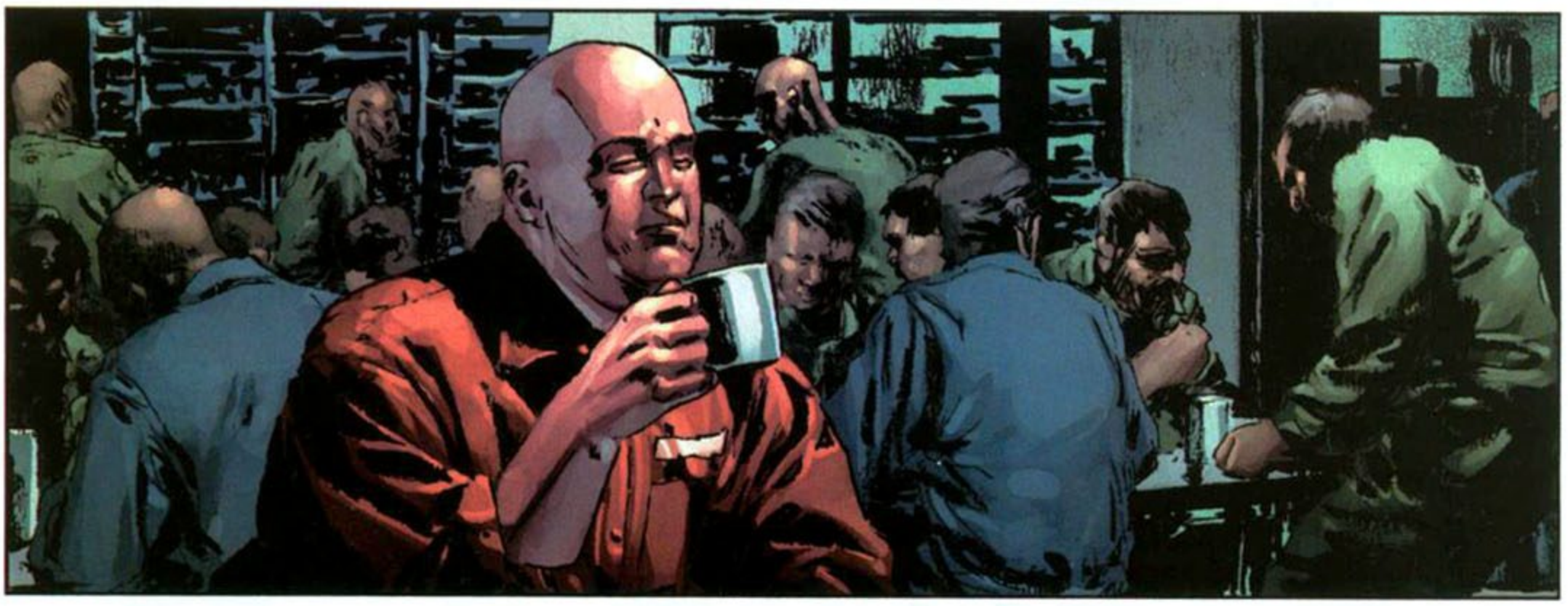
PART FOUR

ED BRUBAKER	MICHAEL LARK & STEFANO GAUDIANO	FRANK D'ARMATA	VC'S CORY PETIT	AXEL ALONSO	WARREN SIMONS	JOE QUESADA	DAN BUCKLEY
WRITER	ARTISTS	COLORIST	LETTERER	CONSULTING EDITOR	EDITOR	EDITOR IN CHIEF	PUBLISHER

Daredevil (ISSN #0279-8271) **No. 85, July, 2006.** Published Monthly except semi-monthly in April by MARVEL PUBLISHING, INC., a subsidiary of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT, INC. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 417 5th Avenue, New York, NY 10016. **PERIODICALS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, NY AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES.** © 2006 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. $2.99 per copy in the U.S. and $4.25 in Canada (GST #R127032852) in the direct market and $2.99 per copy in the U.S. and $4.25 in Canada (GST #R127032852) through the newsstand; Canadian Agreement #40668537. **Printed in the USA.** Subscription rate (U.S. dollars) for 12 issues: U.S. $27.00; Canada $37.00; Foreign $39.00. **POSTMASTER: SEND ALL ADDRESS CHANGES TO Daredevil, C/O MARVEL SUBSCRIPTION DEPT. P.O. BOX 30520 SALT LAKE CITY, UT 84130-0520. TELEPHONE # (800) 217-9158. FAX # (801) 208-0877. subscriptions@marvelsubs.com.** AVI ARAD, Chief Creative Officer; ALAN FINE, President & CEO Of Marvel Toys and Marvel Publishing, Inc.; DAVID BOGART, VP Of Publishing Operations; DAN CARR, Executive Director of Publishing Technology; JUSTIN F. GABRIE, Managing Editor; STAN LEE, Chairman Emeritus. For information regarding advertising in Marvel Comics or on Marvel.com, please contact Joe Maimone, Advertising Director, at jmaimone@marvel.com or 212-576-8534. For Marvel subscription inquiries, please call 800-217-9158.

It's like there's no one in Ryker's at all...

...but me and Fisk.



No one.

YO, MURDOCK.

UNNERSTAN' YOU BE IN THE MARKET FOR SOMETHIN' I GOT.

WHAT'S *THAT*, CARLOS?

SOMETHIN' TO STICK IN THAT FAT MOTHER-%@#$ER'S *BELLY*.

GET'CHU ANY KINDA SHIV YOU NEED.

EVEN A *CHRISTMAS TREE*, YOU WANNA PULL HIS INSIDES RIGHT OUT WITH THE BLADE.

NO WAY EVEN *HE* SURVIVES, HIS GUTS HANGING TO THE FLOOR.

THAT'S SOME HARD $#@%.

I'M SURE IT IS...

...BUT I'M *NOT* IN THE MARKET FOR ANYTHING.

DAMN, DAWG...I WASN'T EVEN GONNA CHARGE YOU FOR IT.

JUST WANNA GET ME A FRONT-ROW SEAT FOR THE BLOODBATH, IS ALL.

IS THAT REALLY WHO YOU THINK I AM, CARLOS?

YOU THINK I'M GOING TO HEAR SOME GOSSIP AND GO *KILL A MAN* BECAUSE OF IT?

I DON'T KNOW *WHO* YOU WAS IN THE REAL WORLD...

...BUT I BET *YOU* DON'T EVEN KNOW WHO YOU ARE ANYMORE, MURDOCK.

SEE, PRISON, IT *CHANGES* A MAN.

TRUST ME ON THAT.

SEEMS LIKE PRISON *MOSTLY* CHANGES MEN INTO PHILOSOPHERS ABOUT WHAT PRISON DOES TO MEN.

THAS' RIGHT. KEEP TALKIN' OUT THE SIDE'A YOUR NECK...

BUT YOU LYIN' TO YOURSELF, IF YOU SAY THERE AIN'T MURDER IN YOUR HEART FOR FISK.

DON'T PRESUME TO KNOW ME.

THAT WOULD BE A *MISTAKE.*

SEE, NOW THERE'S SOMETHIN' *ELSE* YOU AIN'T THOUGHT OF.

YOU *DON'T* GO AFTER THE FATMAN, AND THIS *REP* OF YOURS?

WHAT'S KEEPIN' THOUSANDS OF CONVICTS FROM MAKIN' A *MOVE* ON YOU...?

THAT WON'T MEAN $#@% ANYMORE.

I CAN'T CONTROL WHAT OTHER PEOPLE THINK, CARLOS.

BUT YOU *CAN*, MURDOCK, 'CAUSE THIS *AIN'T* THE REAL WORLD...

...THIS THE SCHOOLYARD OF HELL.

MOVE! OUTTA THE WAY!

STEP BACK!

EVERYONE KEEP BACK!

STAND CLEAR!

SEE, NOW *THAT* IS SOME FUNNY $#@%...

LOOKS LIKE YOU MIGHT'A LOST THAT BIG REP ALREADY.

The thing is, Carlos isn't wrong.

Prison has already changed me.

And if Kingpin did this...if he killed Foggy...

After everything **else** he's taken from me...

Will I even be able to stop myself?

Will I **want** to?

UH...HEY, MURDOCK?

I...UH...I GOT A ***MESSAGE*** FROM KINGPIN. UH, MISTER FISK, THAT IS.

HELLO, ***TURK***... BACK TO RUNNING ERRANDS AGAIN?

OH...UH. YEAH, I ***GUESS.***

MISTER FISK WANTS TO ***MEET,*** TOMORROW AFTERNOON...IN THE YARD?

SO...YOU ***DOWN*** WITH THAT?

ABSOLUTELY.

PAGE FOUR?
DAILY BUGLE

YOU'RE BUMPING ME TO PAGE FOUR, JONAH... SERIOUSLY?

I'M TRYING TO REMEMBER A DAY YOU'VE KNOWN ME WHEN I HAVEN'T BEEN SERIOUS, URICH... BUT NONE ARE COMING TO MIND.
I WONDER WHY?

IT'S PICTURES OF DAREDEVIL IN ACTION, AND INTERVIEWS OF PEOPLE HE'S SAVED.
YEAH, AND IT'S ON PAGE FOUR, BECAUSE I'VE GOT THE PUNISHER'S MUG SHOT ON PAGE ONE.
YOU SHOULD FEEL LUCKY I'M RUNNING IT AT ALL, BEN.

WHAT THE HELL IS THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN?

I ASKED YOU TO FIND YOUR OBJECTIVITY A FEW WEEKS AGO...
AND NOW YOU'RE FURTHER FROM IT THAN EVER.

I'M DOING WHAT YOU *PAY ME* TO, JONAH. WRITING ABOUT THE NEWS.

DO I LOOK LIKE AN *IDIOT?*

WELL, THAT *MUSTACHE* ISN'T DOING YOU ANY FAVORS.

HAR-DEE-HAR-HAR, FUNNY GUY.

BUT THAT *DOESN'T* CHANGE THE FACT THAT YOU'RE *NOT* COVERING THE NEWS, YOU'RE ON A *CRUSADE.*

YOU'RE TRYING TO USE MY PAPER TO CLEAR YOUR FRIEND'S *NAME.*

I'M NOT *MAKING UP* A SINGLE THING.

THE PICTURES ARE *REAL.* THE PEOPLE INTERVIEWED ARE REAL.

AND SO IS YOUR *SLANTED VIEWPOINT.*

SAYS THE GUY WHO SLAMMED THE *AVENGERS* FOR LETTING *SPIDER-MAN* JOIN.

IT'S ON PAGE FOUR, URICH...AND *ONLY* BECAUSE IT HELPS SELL PAPERS.

TAKE IT AS A VICTORY.

One advantage of every convict in Ryker's thinking I'm Daredevil...No one bothers me during meals.

Not generally, at least.

HELLO, MURDOCK...

ENJOYING YOUR STAY?

WHAT DO *YOU* THINK, FRANK?

HONESTLY, I'M NOT TOO SURE ANYMORE.

ABOUT *YOU*, I MEAN.

I SEE IN THE PAPER THAT MAYBE YOU'VE GONE OFF YOUR NUT IN HERE.

CREATING THIS *"WAVE OF VIOLENCE,"* THEY SAY.

SO WHAT, YOU THOUGHT YOU'D COME JOIN IN?

THAT WAS PART OF IT, SURE... SEEMED A SHAME TO MISS OUT ON ALL THIS ACTION.

BUT MORE THAN THAT, I WANTED TO SEE IT FOR MYSELF.

SEE *WHAT?*

WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE WHEN *YOU* TURN INTO *ME.*

I'M NOT--

LIKE ME.

YEAH, YOU'VE BEEN SPOUTING *THAT* LINE AS LONG AS I'VE KNOWN YOU, MURDOCK...

AND WHAT HAS IT GOTTEN YOU?

JUST ABOUT EVERY-ONE YOU EVER CARED ABOUT IS DEAD.

YOU THINK I NEED TO BE *REMINDED* OF THAT?

I THINK YOU NEED TO BE REMINDED OF *SOMETHING.* I'M JUST NOT SURE--

BETTER *WATCH* YOUR *BACK, PUNISHER!*

RIGHTEOUS CONS IN HERE GONNA *TAKE YOU DOWN!*

--HUKK!

KRKK

KWAMMM!

SNPP!

AAAHHHH!

TELL *THIS* TO YOUR RIGHTEOUS CONVICTS.

AH-AH-AHHH...

STOP IT, FRANK...

...YOU'LL KILL HIM.

NOW, *SEE?*

AN' I THOUGHT YOU DIDN'T *GIVE A DAMN* ANYMORE.

HEY! WHAT *HAPPENED* HERE?

WHO *DID* THIS?

I'M TALKIN' TO *YOU*, MURDOCK! WHO *ASSAULTED* THIS INMATE?

NO ONE, C.O....

...HE JUST *FELL.*

OKAY... THEN CAN I GET A *FORWARDING ADDRESS?*

I'M SORRY, MR. *LENNOX* ASKED THAT INFORMATION BE KEPT CONFIDENTIAL...

I'M SORRY, WHAT KIND OF *LAWYER* DOESN'T WANT PEOPLE KNOWING WHERE TO *FIND HIM?*

I WOULDN'T KNOW, MA'AM. YOU'LL HAVE TO ASK MR. LENNOX THAT.

BEN, IT'S DAKOTA...

I'M COMING UP *EMPTY* ON THIS ALTON LENNOX GUY WHO'S SUPPOSED TO BE CONNECTED TO DAREDEVIL.

I'M GONNA TRY ANOTHER SOURCE...BUT CALL ME WHEN YOU GET THIS MESSAGE.

HER?

YEAH. SAID SHE WAS A PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR.

OKAY, WE'LL HANDLE IT. THE HARD WAY.

LET'S *MOVE*, CHICO.

UH, MERV... I DON'T *KNOW* ABOUT THIS.

I MEAN, ORDERS WERE TO, Y'KNOW, *SIT TIGHT*.

%@#$ ORDERS.

BUT WE'RE ON *LOOKOUT*, NOT...I MEAN...

YOU *COMIN'* OR NOT?

I JUST WANT IT UNDERSTOOD THAT IT'S UNDER *PROTEST*.

FOR THE *RECORD*.

FOR WHEN THIS COMES BACK TO SMACK US IN THE TUCHAS.

BECAUSE YOU *KNOW* IT'S GOING TO.

WHATEVER.

When I wake from the few hours' sleep I can steal, there's a surprise in my cell.

An unwanted gift from LaMuerto and his gang.

I take it, anyway.

My hands are almost shaking as I pick it up.

Is this really it? Is this the day of judgment for me and Fisk?

The convicts' murmur is a dull roar throughout the day...

...as they place bets on who will walk away from this meeting.

But when I get to the yard, the only thing I hear is the steady thump of Kingpin's heart.

My own is racing like the first time I went out... when I went after the men who killed my father.

But Fisk is calm, steady.

HELLO, MATTHEW...WALK WITH ME.

Like the Punisher, yesterday.

His heart never sped up, even as he was about to break a man's neck.

My hand is shaking as I wrap my fingers around the shiv in my pocket.

JUST TELL ME *WHY*. YOU GOT ME...YOU *WON*.

WHY WOULD YOU GO AFTER *FOGGY?*

IS THAT WHY YOU AGREED TO THIS MEETING?

BECAUSE YOU THINK I HAD FRANKLIN NELSON KILLED?

DON'T TELL ME THIS PLACE HAS BROKEN YOU DOWN *THAT* EASILY.

YOU WERE *LAUGHING* WHILE HE WAS *BLEEDING OUT!*

YES... I WAS LAUGHING AT YOUR PAIN...

BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN I *CAUSED* IT.

BUT PLEASE, IF YOU DON'T *BELIEVE* ME, THEN USE THAT *SHANK* YOU'RE HOLDING.

AND SPEND THE *REST* OF YOUR *LIFE* BEHIND BARS.

I should.

I really should... he deserves it.

More than anyone I've ever known...

...but he's not lying.

AAAAHHHH!

And I hate him even more for that.

DAMN YOU! DAMN YOU TO HELL!

WHO DID IT! TELL ME!

USE YOUR *HEAD*, MATTHEW... YOU USED TO BE GOOD AT THAT.

HOW MANY PEOPLE *ARE THERE* IN HERE, AND OUT IN THE *REAL WORLD*...

...WHO WOULD LOVE TO SEE US *KILL EACH OTHER* INSIDE THESE WALLS?

HAVEN'T YOU BEEN *MANIPULATED* ENOUGH TIMES TO REMEMBER WHAT IT *FEELS LIKE?*

OR HAVE YOU JUST GONE *NATIVE?*

DAMN IT...

IF I WERE YOU, I'D FIND OUT WHO THE LAST PERSON TO *TALK* TO THIS ASSASSIN WAS.

THE LAST PERSON WITH ACCESS TO *MONEY*, THAT IS.

IT'S STILL YOUR FAULT... IF I WASN'T *IN* HERE...

THAT'S A *CHICKEN-AND-EGG* ARGUMENT AT THIS POINT, *ISN'T IT?*

YOU AND I ARE *ENEMIES*... WE ALWAYS *WILL* BE.

BUT RIGHT NOW WE NEED TO RISE *ABOVE* THAT.

THE HELL WE DO.

YES. THE HELL WE *DO*. IN CASE YOU HAVEN'T *NOTICED*, THERE'S A *WAR* BREWING IN RYKER'S...

AND WHEN IT *BLOWS*, IT'S GOING TO BLOW RIGHT AT YOU AND ME.

AND I, FOR ONE, DO NOT INTEND TO *DIE* BEHIND BARS...

DO *YOU?*

WHEN THE *ANSWERS* YOU SEEK ARE LIKELY BACK IN THE REAL WORLD?

--THAS' *RIGHT*, BABY... AND WHAT'CHU WEARIN' *UNDER* THAT?

OOOH, YEAH...HOW HIGH THOSE HEELS BE?

GET OFF THE LINE.

NOW.

I'M *GONE*, MAN...

BECKY, IT'S *MATT*...I NEED YOU TO DO SOMETHING.

CAN YOU GET A LOOK AT THE RYKER'S *VISITOR* LOGS FOR THE DAY FOGGY WAS KILLED?

--TOLD YOU IT *WASN'T* GOING TO HAPPEN. MURDOCK'S NOT THE MAN YOU WANT HIM TO BE.

OR KINGPIN'S FAR *MORE* THAN WE'D LIKE TO BELIEVE.

SO, IT'S *DONE*, THEN?

YES... IT HAPPENS *TOMORROW*.

OUR FRIEND HERE WILL ESCORT OUR LIEUTENANTS TO THE *ARMORY* IN THE MORNING.

AND WHEN THIS PRISON IGNITES LIKE *NEVER BEFORE*...

...WE'LL MAKE SURE THAT FISK AND MURDOCK'S *CORPSES* ARE THROWN ONTO THE BONFIRE.

NOW, *THAT'S* A PLAN I CAN GET BEHIND.

TO BE CONTINUED...